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THE GUIDING LIGHT

American Dramatists Series

THE GUIDING LIGHT

PILGRIM TERCENTENARY PAGEANT

PLAY IN FOUR EPISODES

BY

ANNE MARJORIE DAY



BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

THE GORHAM PRESS

C1921

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TO
MY MOTHER AND FATHER:
My Mayflower heritage

FOREWORD

"The Guiding Light," enacted by students of the Classical High School at the Emery Theatre, scored a marked success before a large audience. . . . The large cast entered into the spirit of the piece with enthusiasm, recreating the scenes of the past with youthful earnestness and verve.—*Providence Sunday Journal*, March 20, 1921.

Since dramatics has become an established and necessary factor in the vivid teaching of history and literature, "The Guiding Light" is of triple value for high school production through its added appeal to Americanism. For Americanism in its broadest sense champions those principles which should be the guiding light of the world.

I was particularly impressed in rehearsing this play by the fervor with which the youthful actors portrayed the religious as well as the human element. Creed and nationality alike were forgotten. All seemed inspired, swept on by the amazingly tolerant Pilgrim spirit and almost mystic faith in divine guidance.

Whatever stirs such spiritual emotions in the American youth must surely make for the highest type of Americanism, even more—help to check the engulfing flood of materialism which has followed in the wake of the World War.

EVA HOLZNER HESSE.

Instructor of Dramatics,
Classical and English High Schools,
Providence, Rhode Island.
September sixteenth, 1921.

THE GUIDING LIGHT

THE GUIDING LIGHT

PROLOGUE I

By Witham's placid stream in Lincolnshire
St. Botolph's tower points heavenward; its light,
A beacon to the North Sea mariner,
Marks Old Boston, home port for many a ship—
Historic name to us across the sea.
St. Botolph's light! a sacred symbol held
Aloft to shine to us adown the centuries,
The guiding light betok'ning Freedom's sway
Within the heart and soul of men who dared
Make first-attempted flight from Old Boston,
For King James, superstitious, weak, and vain,
Had boasted he would harry from his realm
All non-conformers, termed "that pack of pests."
From Scrooby, Gainsborough, and Austerfield,
They gathered, and in secret council set
The day that they should sail for Holland's shore,
Where they might worship God, from tyrant free.
Of what we read befell that valiant band
Of pioneers for sake of soul-freedom,

List to the tale that follows. You shall hear
How William Brewster, chief of all that flock,
Was dragged to prison, suff'ring greatest loss;
Who once the keys of three Dutch fortresses
Guarded, when he, a youth, to Holland went
With England's envoy, there inspired by sight
Of a brave people armed for Freedom's sake.
And you shall also hear how young Bradford,
Taught by the Elder Brewster, suffered ill—
Bradford—destined to be the leader great
Of God-inspired Republic 'cross the seas.
Those two and others stood to be arraigned
In Old Boston, behind the Guildhall bar,
A part of which now stands in New Boston,
An honored relic in its library.

EPISODE I

Behind the Bar, Guildhall in Old Boston, 1608

(Two magistrates are sitting behind a desk in the Guildhall. They seem to be waiting for something to happen—listening for sounds in the distance. Suddenly their pains are rewarded, for along the street, heralded with great "hue and cry," come a band of men, under arrest. A mixed crowd of towns-people (blacksmith with his hammer, baker, butcher, etc., come into the court-room at one door, shouting, "The Separatists! Here come the Separatists!") (The Separatists come in at the opposite door.)

SECOND MAGISTRATE

The Court will come to order!

(The magistrates arise from their seats, as if prepared to greet victims of the law. Two men, of that band of prisoners, are led forward first, the others being kept under guard. The constable whispers in the ear of the first magistrate, pointing to Brewster and Bradford, the leaders.)

FIRST MAGISTRATE

We, as justices of the peace of this town of Boston in Lincolnshire, are empowered by the King and Lords in Council to take and arrest all those we may find guilty by indictment, or suspicion, and put in prison. In the first place, concerning the peace of our Lord the King and the violation of the King's law: we issued a warrant to the constable and various other persons of this town, who should act as searchers "under the King," to arrest those non-conformers, who, we are informed, have not only kept private conventicles and exercise of religion, by law prohibited, but have dared break the law concerning the King's ports. All ports of our Lord the King's realm are closed, except to such as have license to depart.

One named Brewster (*motioning*) go behind the bar. Your hand raised on oath. (*Brewster raises his hand.*)

FIRST MAGISTRATE

Your Christian name?

BREWSTER

William.

FIRST MAGISTRATE

In truth, William Brewster, as you have kept a posting-house, though forty miles distant, the news of you hath "travelled post."

(*Here a saucy boy in the crowd makes a clucking noise, as if urging on a horse, clicking his heels and pumping his arms, as if "riding post," and magistrate calls him to order.*) Order there! (*Annoyed, continues*). At your manor-house at Scrooby, as well as in divers parts of the Kingdom, on Sundays and festival days, under pretence of repetition of sermons, you have violated the laws of church-conformity. Now you and your Separatist band have sought to take flight to Holland.

BREWSTER

(*Quietly and with composure*). Though we could not stay, yet were we not suffered to depart.

(*One of the crowd to another, wagging his head approvingly.*)

He seemeth to speak truly. Nor does he rail at the law, either.

BREWSTER

I know it is warrantable by the law of God, and I think by the law of the land, that I may stand on

my just defence. The King's law of closed ports may be according to statute, but not according to right. We sought but secret and quiet passage from this port of Boston. When we had ourselves and goods aboard the ship, our Captain, whom we had hired at great expense, betrayed us, having beforehand conspired with the searchers and other officers so to do; who took us and put us into open boats and there rifled and ransacked us, searching even to our shirts for money. Then they brought us into the town and made a spectacle (*Some one from the crowd*) ("A spectacle, ha, ha, truly so!") and wonderment to the multitude, which came flocking on all sides to behold us.

(*Blacksmith, emphasizing his remarks with a hammer*) We did but make hue and cry, Sir Magistrate. Was it not our duty, according to the law, so to do?

BREWSTER (*continues*)

These catchpole officers have taken all our keepsakes, books, and much other goods.

FIRST MAGISTRATE

They did only search in discharge of their legal duty, but for unlicensed books. It were better for

you, sir, (*rebukingly*) that you call not the officers of the Crown "catchpoles."

This youth Bradford (*motioning for him to take his place on the dock*), I am told hath made bold resistance, even to doing violence. (*Here the corpulent constable rubs his arm, assuming a painful look, to point the evidence of personal violence.*)

WOMAN (*in the crowd*)

A handsome youth he is; I've never seen his like.

ONE OF THE CROWD (*a punster*)

Too fair, in truth, for prison fare. (*Second Magistrate directs a stern look at the offender.*)

FIRST MAGISTRATE (*continuing*)

'Twere better that young bloods busied themselves about the King's business; to keep the King's laws, rather than trespassing the law of the realm.

BRADFORD: (*In quiet self-defence*)

I am about my King's business. I am keeping the law of His realm.

PUNSTER

There's peace for you already, Justice. These two B's do hum so quiet, thou shouldst call them quits.

SECOND MAGISTRATE

To the stocks with the pert-tongued prater.
(*Second constable takes out offender.*)

FIRST MAGISTRATE

(*Motioning for other prisoners to go behind the bar*) (*speaking to Brewster*). Thou, with all thy company, art committed to ward, to await orders from the Council Table. (*Cries from the crowd of*) "The cells!" "Rats!" "Vermins and vile odors!"

WOMAN

(*Who had spoken before*): 'Twere a pity the comely youth should be smothered to death.

FIRST MAGISTRATE

(*Summoning two young men from the crowd*) Giles Fletcher and Stephen Oates, ride post to inform the Lords of Council at London of the arrest of one William Brewster and his Separatist company.

BREWSTER

(*Speaking very quietly and impressively.*)
Though we could not stay, yet were we not suf-

ferred to depart. (*The crowd, about to go, stop to listen, as if impelled.*) (*A pause, then he continues.*) And there dwelleth within a man a divine law, greater than the law of any land.

(*As he says this, a figure in white suddenly comes in and stands before them all—in white robes, wearing a halo of gold. She raises her hand and points heavenward, as Brewster speaks his last words. The court-room remains hushed, and the messengers, half-way out, stand as if halted by some power. The magistrates wear a guilty look, as if arraigned themselves. The prisoners' faces, before somewhat dejected, take on a transfigured look. The white apparition disappears, all looking toward it as it departs, with their faces turned toward it, even as the prisoners are led off to their cells, amid a great silence that prevails over the court-room, as if some divine Being's spell had been cast upon them.*)

CURTAIN

PROLOGUE II

They were imprisoned many times and balked
In their attempts to reach the Holland shore,
But still their Cause more famous grew and strong;
For those who saw their godly carriage and
Their Christian zeal were led to swell the band
That reached at last the country of their hopes,
Which welcomed all who sought for Freedom's
boon.

Adventure desperate it was, to seek
A strange land, a new tongue speak, and leave
Their country, trade, their friends, and private
lands,

For a new country, subject long to war.
'Twas not with them as with most other men:
They welcomed trial, toil severe, and change,
For by them were they hardier made, to serve
The purpose of the God who guided them.
And though they saw Dutch cities fair and rich,
Not long before the face of Poverty.
All grim and grisly, came upon them like
An armed man, who must be fought, not fled.
Twelve years of sojourn they in Holland spent,

Working at crafts to earn their daily bread.
John Robinson, their pastor, taught his flock
Three times a week in his own manor-house—
A leader great in all affairs of life.
Both he and Brewster, welcomed 'neath the shade
Of Leyden's University, enjoyed
The fame of scholars, skilled with pen and tongue,
Learning the curse of bigot, schism, and sect,
For all who piety professed could join
Their church: French, Swiss, and Dutch and
Lutheran.

And so they lived and toiled, a foreign band
Within a friendly city. But there came
A time when those who had the vision clear
Were led to seek again across the sea
A New England, where Freedom could mount
high

And spread her wings in broad celestial space.
The magistrates of Leyden spoke them well,
As having had no suit against their band
For those twelve years they sojourned in their
midst.

A glimpse of them in Leyden you shall have,
With reasons why they sought a distant land.

EPISODE II

In Leyden, Summer of 1619

(In John Robinson's garden back of the manor-house on Bell Lane, overshadowed on one side by St. Peter's belfry, on the other, still nearer, by Leyden University. One can look out through the garden gate down to the end of the lane, where an arched stone bridge spans a canal. The garden is Dutch, gay with tulips; there are white walks of pounded shells. A rustic seat by the gate, a little fountain in the corner of the garden. Another rustic seat on opposite side.)
(A Dutch maiden, Gretchen Van Pleet, rosy-cheeked and plump, is weeding the tulip bed on her knees, back to the audience, the soles of her wooden shoes much in evidence. Mercy Robinson, the pastor's daughter, is watering the garden.)

MERCY

Gretchen, dear, wilt let me call thee my Holland tulip? Thou'rt so bright and gay; in thy dear self is all I love best here in my adopted country.

GRETCHEN

(*Merrily.*) And thou shalt be my little English daisy, Mercy. (*Looking up from her weeding to throw Mercy a bright smile.*) There, those bulbs were sent to my father from China. (*Pointing to the tulip blossoms.*) Dost like thy Dutch gardener? (*spatting her hands clean of dirt.*)

MERCY

Yes, and my father, even if he is pastor of a flock of three hundred, just think! hath made a merry jingle about you. Wilt hear it? (*Gretchen nods, expectantly.*)

“Our garden would be wretchen,
If it weren’t for our dear Gretchen.”

GRETCHEN

(*Laughs merrily, then suddenly becomes serious, goes to Mercy, and puts her arm around her.*) So glad am I that thou and thy father will stay with us and not cross the sea to a distant land. (*They sit on bench.*) I am sad at heart to think that sweet Dorothy Bradford, the silent Captain Standish, who did help us fight the Spanish, and the noble young Winslow who hath so lately come among us, must

leave our happy company. The Dutch and English do worship here in thy father's church (*pointing to the house adjoining the garden*) as one people. And the garden! It seemeth a Paradise to the children of Leyden.

MERCY

But Gretchen dear, the truce with Spain endeth soon—which meaneth that war may come. Then, too, the English King giveth us no peace. Thou knowest how he pursues us through his ambassador (*looking about her, as if afraid of being heard and speaking lower*); how—only a few days ago, Patience Brewster's father was ordered by the king to be seized for vending books “underhand,” as the King saith, in England; how the drunken sheriff arrested by mistake one Thomas Brewer, and how our dear elder had already made his escape in safety to London. Sh! Here cometh that ne'er-do-weel, Wrestling Brewster, now.

WRESTLING

(*Wrestling Brewster comes in, and throws himself down on a rustic seat.*) Ye may call me Walloon, or poltroon, or whatever ye will, fair maids, but let me maroon on this Holland shore. My good parents did me great wrong when they did

name me wrestling. I've been at it ever since I was born! Now I must leave this pleasant city for a wilderness full of savages—dost know (*here he lowers his voice impressively*) that they are not only content to kill (*flourishes his knife, to make more vivid*), but delight to torment men alive with shells of fishes (*here the two girls put fingers in their ears*), cutting off men's joints—broiling them—making them eat their own collops—(*Here Mercy Robinson rushes off into the house in terror, exclaiming*): "Thou art a poltroon, Wrestling Brewster, to make us weak maids to quake and tremble with the telling of thy terrible tales."

(*Gretchen also makes ready to depart, when Wrestling seeks to detain her.*)

WRESTLING

Well I knew I could frighten her away—the timid little goose! (*then seriously*): Hast not *one* word for me, Gretchen Van Pleet, since I must so soon depart from thy country, that I now call mine?

GRETCHEN

(*Suddenly she turns about and faces him squarely, flushing with indignation.*) Yes, one word I

have for thee: poltroon! Thou wouldst stay because thou are not brave enough to wrestle like a man with danger. Thy sister Patience hath the courage of a martyr. She hath a soul made of pure fire. Thou art all tow—much show—then cometh a pother of smoke—(*pretends to be choked with it*) then piff—paff—(*blows her fingers*). (*Scornfully.*) Such as thou winnest neither my heart nor my head. (*Walks away from him into the house, decided scorn in her step, just as Patience Brewster comes in the garden gate. Patience catches sight of her and turns to her brother, with anger in her voice.*)

PATIENCE

What hast thou done, Wrestling, to Gretchen Van Pleet? (*Rebukefully.*) Wouldst thou be called Mr. Stay-at-home? (*Coming nearer.*) 'Twere a pity. (*Aside.*) But hear thou the truth; (*speaking confidentially*) that rare Dutch tulip will never bloom in thy ill-kept garden. (*Pause.*) (*Her brother glares resentfully at her.*) (*continues*) And it is little wonder that thy father wisheth to get thee away from the corrupt company thou keepest here, playing cards and smoking the vile weed that maketh thee smell so stale. (*With deeper feeling in her voice.*) Thou art a shame to thy father, spending the guldens so

freely now, when he did suffer in prison, robbed of his possessions, and toiled almost in vain that we might live, after seeking this new country.

And I love this land as much as thou. (*Her brother stands looking at her, as if her rebuke has made some impression upon him, but says nothing. She turns from him and looks toward St. Peter's belfrey, as if forgetting him in the tide of feeling that is sweeping over her.*) How sweet to me soundeth St. Peter's bell! Oft do I stand on the stone bridge that spans the long canal. (*She looks down the lane toward it.*) Then do I follow the stream to the mill, where it joins the Rhine. Often the flowing stream, as I gaze upon it, (*clasping her arms across her forehead*) seemeth to carry me along its course—down, down to the ocean—on and on—(*her face lights up*). I feel a spark kindled within me—it groweth warmer and brighter, flooding me with light! (*Her brother stands listening, with increasing wonderment, then, abashed, he steals out of the gate, leaving her standing there, lost in rhapsody*).

The vision cometh from heaven. It meaneth the light of the Gospel goeth with me across the sea. It seemeth best not now; (*regretfully*) but later on. (*As she says the last word, Pastor Robinson comes out from his house, where he has been standing on the steps, listening, and stands behind her. He lays*

his hand upon her head, and says): "My child, the Lord hath more truth and light yet to break forth out of His holy Word."

A figure in white suddenly appears in the garden, slowly lifting her arm heavenward. Patience and Pastor Robinson, feeling her presence, turn toward the Being—with faces transfigured by the Presence.

PROLOGUE III

From Delftshaven, 'mid tears and prayers of those
Who watched them go, they sailed to England's
shore.

'Twas Pilgrims now they knew themselves to be,
And though they left a goodly, pleasant land,
They lifted up their eyes to heav'n above,
Their dearest country—whence came peace to them.
At length, with friends, from Plymouth they set
forth;

Their little bark, the Mayflower, braved the
storms.

Amost a miracle it was: the ship
For sixty-seven days battled the gales,
When daybreak brought the welcome call, "Land,
ho!"—

The land of which they'd dreamed for three long
years.

Within the cabin of that little ship
A compact of self-government was signed:
Beginning of a Free Republic, first
In all the world—its charter, Liberty.
Exploring parties from the ship sought place

By nature suited for their needs.

The rock on which at last they chose to land
May now be called New England's stepping-stone,
The shrine made sacred by the Pilgrim faith.
New Plymouth town, the work of busy hands,
Was builded gradually, until at last
The first New England Street, Leyden, along
Town Brook from harbor-front to Fort Hill ran:
Two rows of houses—nineteen families—
Whose numbers sadly shrunken were by life
On shipboard eight long months from Holland's
port.

And graves of those who died from pestilence
Must leveled be and sown with grain, lest their
Dread Indian foe should learn that only half
Their band was left. Though Samoset, Mon-
hegan chief,
Had friendly been, two savages appeared
On Watson's Hill and dared the whites to fight,
By whetting arrows and snapping taut bowstrings.
But Massasoit, grand sachem of all
The tribes of Pokanoket, monarch great
And wise, came with his warriors, seeking peace.
Do now behold that Indian treaty made.

EPISODE III

(*Treaty with Massasoit*)

New Plymouth, April, 1621. (*Bright spring day.*)

(At the beat of the drum, the leading men of the Colony assemble to march to the Common House for a meeting about matters of importance. Three walk abreast, led by the sergeant. At the sound of the trumpet, they enter in military step. Governor Carver walks behind, Elder Brewster at his right, Capt. Standish at his left, with side-arms and carrying a cane. Bradford, Allerton, and Winslow walk behind them, followed by two musketeers. They halt in front of the Common House, to convene outside, as it is a pleasant spring day; each sets down his arms near him. It is about noon.)

GOV. CARVER

Three times now hath our public business been interrupted by savages, who have made their appearance on Watson's Hill above us. Lest we be

foreslowed as formerly, let us each at once speak freely, and take counsel on certain military and law matters, with some others. (*Folds arms.*) Touching the new lands that we enjoy, we found the place where we live empty. But if any of the savages pretend right of inheritance to any lands, we shall endeavor to purchase their title, that we may avoid the least scruple of intrusion. Particularly must we publish among us, and let it be known among the natives, that no wrong nor injury shall be offered them.

A second matter remaineth to us. Concerning our taking of the corn that we found buried in the earth, when we were set out to see what the land and its inhabitants were—

STEPHEN HOPKINS

(*Laughing.*) Master Carver, lest our New Plymouth harbour be called Thieves' Harbour, like that which lies over against us, do not forget the big kettle that we also took, which we did fill with corn, two men bringing it away on a staff.

CARVER

(*Smiling.*) As soon as we can meet with any of the inhabitants of that place, we shall make them large satisfaction.

STANDISH

(*Slightly on the offensive.*) Our governor surely believeth the penalty for thieving worketh both ways. As for the tools that Frances Cook and I left behind while being at work in the woods, they were taken away by the savages. Should we not right ourselves? (*Touching his sword with his hand.*)

CARVER

As thou knowest, we willed the Monhegan Chief, Samoset, when he did first visit us, that the tools should be brought again; and that he did four days ago, when thou wert away. Tisquantum! (*Pointing towards brook.*) (*As he is speaking Samoset's name, that Indian and Tisquantum appear before them, leaving bows and arrows behind. Hands raised in greeting. They bring a few skins and some dried red herrings.*)

TISQUANTUM

(*Pointing toward Watson's Hill.*) Great Sachem Massasoit come soon—with brother Quadequina and their men. Great chief ask for—send man. Know governor—what wish.

(All look at each other, somewhat in doubt, somewhat in fear, during a tense silence. The Indians stand motionless, yet quietly expectant of having their request granted.)

CARVER

(Looking about his Council, as if choosing some one to go. Finally his eyes rest on Winslow.) Master Winslow, thou shalt be our messenger. Do thou take gifts, both for the chief and his brother Quadequina. And thou shalt say to the Sachem Massasoit that his Majesty, King James of England, saluteth him with words of love and peace, and would esteem him and his people as his friend and ally; also that Governor Carver of this New Plymouth Colony desireth to see him, to truck with him, and to confirm a peace with him as his next neighbor. To Massasoit give thou this pair of knives and copper chain with a jewel in it. To Quadequina shalt thou give a knife, and a jewel to hang in his ear. *(The two Indians show their approval of the gifts by handling them with grins of delight.)*

SAMOSET

Massasoit—he get chain?

TISQUANTUM

Quadequina, he get fire-stone.

(Winslow also takes with him a pot of strong water, a quantity of biscuit, and some butter. He wears armor and side-arms).

WINSLOW

(As he is about to depart, with a low, courtly bow.) Master Carver, the danger which attendeth this errand of peace to the great chief Massasoit maketh me proud to be thy emissary. *(Amid intense silence all eyes follow Winslow as he departs on his dangerous errand, crossing the Brook and then ascending Watson's Hill. At last Hopkins breaks the silence.)*

HOPKINS

Master Winslow's noble birth maketh him a diplomat. I make no doubt of his safe return. *(Spoken in a tone of strong assurance.)* *(Then smiling.)* And of a certainty, could he show his skill at shooting game afar off, then would the Indians make peace with him and his people forever, *(pausing, then roguishly)* unless Capt. Standish disputeth with him of the skill wherewith he shot that eagle of wondrous size. *(Standish, inclined to be sober, smiles.)*

(Carver seems deeply preoccupied after Winslow's first words.)

BRADFORD

Thou shouldst make mention of me, Master Hopkins, when thou speakest of game. Dost remember how I was healed by Surgeon Fuller when my leg was caught in a deer-trap set by Indians? *(All except Governor Carver, are interested in these incidents connected with their first exploring parties. Carver turns down stage, walking back and forth.)*

HOPKINS

That was surely a harmless looking little sapling over which thou didst fall. Thou wast tripped more easily than a timid little deer! *(All laugh heartily at the remembrance.)*

BRADFORD

What about thyself, Master Hopkins? Dost remember how thy musket flew to pieces when thou gavest fire to a whale, half a musket-shot from the ship? But when the whale saw her time, she did give a snuff, and away she went. *(All join in a laugh which peters out rather nervously when they catch the look on Carver's face.)*

CARVER

Truly thy nonsense bridgeth over for us (*still walking back and forth in a disturbed manner*) the time for parley with the Indian monarch. But under thy cloak of merrymaking thou must know how weighty a matter Master Winslow is sent to negotiate. If Massasoit become our ally, then will peace be assured for us with all the tribes, from Narragansett Bay to Cape Cod. (*With a sweeping gesture.*)

CARVER

Here cometh the chief, Massasoit!

(*Winslow being left as a hostage with Quadequina, Massasoit is seen coming over the Brook with eight or ten Indians, all of whom leave their bows and arrows behind them. At the sound of the trumpet, Captain Standish and Master Allerton go to meet the king at the Brook, escorted by two musketeers. Salutations (raised hand) are exchanged. Five Indians are taken as hostages and guarded by two musketeers. Standish and Allerton escort Massasoit to the Common House, from which Gov. Carver, led by drum and trumpet, with Sergeant following, comes forward to give greeting.*)

The Governor kisses Massasoit's hand. Massasoit kisses the Governor's hand, then the Governor leads Massasoit to his place of honor before the Common House, where a green rug and four cushions are placed. Carver directs Hopkins to get fresh meat and strong water. Massasoit eats and drinks, treating his followers. Massasoit is interested in the trumpet. His followers succeed in making a noise on it, to his delight. He also examines Standish's armor and sword, making signs that he would like to purchase them for himself.)

TISQUANTUM

(Stepping before the Governor and pointing to the hill whence they came.) Master Winslow—he stay with Quadequina—hostage.

(Through Tisquantum as interpreter a parley takes place. Massasoit all the while trembles as he stands by Carver. After the parley, Carver goes to a table and sits down, with Massasoit by his side, Tisquantum standing behind the Chief. At this point Samoset goes out for the peace pipe. Carver writes down the results of the parley, then returns to the group.)

CARVER

And this shall be the treaty:

TREATY

1. That neither he nor any of his people shall do hurt to any of our people.

2. And if any of his do hurt to any of ours, he shall send the offender, that we may punish him.

3. That if any of our tools are taken away, when our people are at work, he shall cause them to be restored; and if ours do harm to any of his, we will do the like to them.

4. If any do unjustly war against him, we will aid him; if any do war against us, he shall aid us.

5. He will send to his neighbors confederates to certify them of this, that they may not wrong us, but may be likewise comprised in the conditions of peace.

6. That when his men come to us, they shall leave their bows and arrows behind them; as we should do our pieces, when we come to them.

Lastly, that doing this, King James will esteem him as his friend and ally.

(The provisions of the treaty are then interpreted, and the chief approves by gravely nodding. His followers applaud by grunting.)

Pilgrims clap. Samoset comes in with peace pipe. Massasoit wears a great chain of bone beads about his neck. Behind his neck hangs a little bag of tobacco, from which he treats the Pilgrims, lighting their pipes from his. They all in turn take a puff.)

ELDER BREWSTER

(Turning to Bradford and speaking with quiet distinctness.) To us the savages could not come; our land was full. To them we came; their land was empty. (As he speaks, Massasoit rises to go.) (Continues) We daily pray for their conversion, but now that we have confirmed a peace with them there cometh to our assistance God's extraordinary work from Heaven. While he is speaking the Indians seem to gather the seriousness of his utterance, and gradually all eyes are fixed on him as he stands in their midst. Suddenly, at his last words, there appears before them a figure in white, wearing a halo of gold and pointing heavenward. All gaze upon it with awe. All faces slowly take on the light of wonderment. As if under a compelling influence, the musketeers slowly lay down their arms. Then Massasoit, reaching into his bosom, slowly draws out a long knife and slowly places it on the floor. The apparition disappears. During an impressive

silence the Governor conducts Massasoit to the Brook, where they embrace each other, then part. Samoset and Tisquantum remain. Massasoit has left his knife on the ground.)

STANDISH

(Looking at the weapons grounded, but picking up the long knife and gazing at it. He measures off his words with military precision.) There - seem-eth - now - another - way - beside - war - to - right - our - wrongs.

[Curtain.]

EPISODE IV. (The Spring of Hope)

(At the Town Brook)

New Plymouth, May 3, 1621

(Constance Hopkins and Remember Allerton are bringing a basket of clean clothes from Town Brook, where they have just washed them. Remember walks with lagging step and has a sullen look on her face; Constance has a lilting step, almost dancing along. They set down basket.)

CONSTANCE

(Coming forward and speaking in a tone of spontaneous joy.) The clock hath struck spring! For every bird singeth a fresh note, and the air hath in it a delicate incense. *(Stooping to smell of the clean clothes.)* Why, Remember, even the Town Brook runneth extra fresh, for see how sweet it hath cleansed our linen for us! *(But Remember refuses to whiff the freshness of the clothes. Both sit down on the new greensward of the bank.)*

REMEMBER

(*Complainingly.*) It were well that something in this heathen wilderness should smell sweet and clean. Dost recall how loathsome it was those eight months on the ship—three months of waiting near the shore, when still we could not land? Would that I were back in Leyden! I would have a spring in Holland, where gardens of gay tulips bloom.

CONSTANCE

But here wilt thou find, as I did this morning, in the wood (*pointing*) a mayflower (*here she holds it up for Remember to smell of, and Remember merely makes a show of doing so*), of the pinkness of daybreak in hue. (*Puts in Remember's button-hole.*) The flower beareth the very name of the little ship that brought us hither to the land of the mayflowers!

REMEMBER

(*Forlornly to herself.*) And I did beg my father that I might return with the ship last month. That which was my last hope is crushed. (*To Constance.*) How canst thou think of flowers, after this winter so full of woe! (*Soberly counting off*

on her fingers.) First, our Dorothy Bradford drowneth in the harbour, before we reach shore; then two wolves attack Master Goodman, and he frosteth his feet; John Howland falleth overboard and is rescued by a boat-hook; then cometh the terrible pestilence, that taketh all but half our company; now our good Governor Carver hath died of sunstroke; and always Indians, Indians, always Indians, Indians to strike terror to our hearts—day and night.

CONSTANCE

Thy fingers count not fair. Mistress Allerton, dost forget that the treaty just formed with Massasoit keepeth us safe?

REMEMBER

Dost remember any treaty that was ever kept forever?

CONSTANCE

There is a belief within me that faith will help keep good things keep.

REMEMBER

My faith sojourneth in Holland, from which it hath never traveled. (*Turning her face toward the harbor, from which the Mayflower had sailed.*)

CONSTANCE

(*Seriously, gently taking her hand.*) Poor child! Thou dost feel so badly. I pity thee. (*Half-laughing.*) I cannot tell whether thy soul needeth Surgeon Fuller or Elder Brewster. Here cometh Samuel now! (*Here they catch sight of John Howland and Samuel Fuller, who have just returned from hunting, each with a wild duck in his hand and gun over shoulder.*)

REMEMBER

My stomach crieth out against wild duck and fish and deer-meat and peas and beans—always peas and beans. I would like a taste of Dutch cheese, and good Frau Van Pleet's plum tarts.

JOHN

Thou needest not eat this wild duck, Mistress Allerton. It is not wild enough for thy untamed spirit. As for peas and beans, we have twenty acres of corn and six of barley in our spring planting.

CONSTANCE

And it hath been full of good luck for us that Tisquantum dwelleth here at Plymouth now. For he knoweth well the ways of planting. The In-

dians always put in their corn, he saith, when the leaves of the white oak are as big as the ear of a mouse. (*Indicating the size with her little finger.*)

SAMUEL

Thou art a ready pupil for Indian lore, Mistress Hopkins. Thou mayest teach me, if thou wilt.

JOHN

Elizabeth Tilly consenteth to teach me how to weave, if I will gather her wild strawberries every day, when yonder hill groweth red with them.

SAMUEL

(*Playfully.*) Wilt take thy pay also in berries, Mistress Constance? (*Constance nods, laughingly.*)

REMEMBER

Perhaps I too could join in thy merry humour, if my name would only let me forget. Wrestling Brewster—Remember Allerton—each name hath proved a curse instead of a blessing.

JOHN AND SAMUEL

(*Together.*) But the name Constance?

(*Waiting intently for her reply.*)

REMEMBER

(*Her sullen face taking on a sad look; speaking in a softened tone.*) That name is written on my heart. (*Suddenly, appealing to each in turn.*) Dost *thou* not remember—or were there too many? The pestilence maketh ME *remember* that it hath taken off my mother.

(*Here the figure of Black Pestilence glides across the stage behind Remember. The others shudder and shrink back, but Remember does not see it. As if forgetting the others, she stands apart, overwhelmed by a sudden burst of grief. She clasps her hands as if in prayer, and looking upward exclaims*):

Oh mother mine, thou must have meant, when thou namest me, that I should make into a blessing that which seemeth to be a curse—and remember hope—always remember that there is hope! (*Constance, John, and Samuel rush to her with sympathetic impulse.*)

CONSTANCE

(*Putting her arm about her.*) Thou hast taught us who flouted thee that we should *remember*, and not be thoughtless of what thou and others have suffered.

REMEMBER

(*With a little sigh of dawning happiness.*) Already it seemeth to me that my homesickness groweth less. (*Then impulsively turning to Constance and taking her hand.*) And thou hast shown me by thy sympathy how wrong it was to despair. Now I shall *remember* to hope.

HOWLAND

(*Exclaiming excitedly.*) See who cometh across the ford! Visitors from Pokanoket!

(*Tisquantum and Indian youths and maidens cross the Brook, bringing gifts: bright pottery, dainty wooden bowl, shell basket, eagles' claws, and skins. Bradford and Standish, who come in at opposite side, apart from them, look upon the scene with smiling faces of approval.*)

BRADFORD

Peace-offerings from Pokanoket! (*After the gifts are examined and admired, the Indian youths and maidens execute a dance on the green bank by the brook, to the delight of the Pilgrim boys and girls, who applaud them as they finish, falling exhausted on the bank. Tisquantum then presents to each of the Pilgrim boys a bow and arrow, with which they prepare to practice. Samuel sets up a*

target. *At length Bradford turns to Standish, touching the Captain's sword.*) When thou didst pick up Massasoit's long knife from the floor, thou didst utter a truth; thou saidst: "There seemeth now some other way beside war to right wrongs." Now peace prevaieth in the very air about us. Last month when the Mayflower set sail for England, not one of our company did seek to return. Now when one considereth these marvelous things, it seemeth part of the Pilgrim Faith to believe that after a winter of despair there always cometh a spring of hope. (*Pause.*) And because of the Guiding Light that has shone upon us from Heaven above, this shall be our covenant: To walk in all His ways made known, and to be made known—forever.

(As he is speaking, a white-robed figure appears before them. The youths and maidens turn from their gifts and target-shooting to behold the apparition, then slowly walk toward it, their arms outstretched as if drawn by the seraphic spirit of the Being, who points heavenward, then disappears.)

[*Curtain.*]

(As the curtain goes up again, they stand still, with arms outstretched.)

[*Curtain.*]

EPILOGUE

On Bedloe's Isle in New York Harbor stands
The Statue of Liberty, which bears on high
A mammoth torch that pointeth heavenward,
A beacon to the ocean-going ships.
The light of liberty! a sacred symbol held
Aloft to shine to all adown the centuries,
The guiding light betok'ning Freedom's sway
Within a Free Republic, founded strong
By brave-souled Pilgrims, stoics of a faith
That was to them always a guiding light.
The white-robed figure now becomes transformed—
Colossal spirit of a faith sublime:
America, who Freedom's torch of light
Holds forth to all the world's remotest parts,
Kindled by unquenched fire of Pilgrim faith.

(Pause)

Behold the Guiding Light of all the World!

FINALE

(As curtain goes up all characters in the play are grouped about the Guiding Spirit, who is now the Goddess of Liberty, with upraised torch. Tableau for ten seconds, then all break forth into a song in honor of the Goddess.)

SONG TO THE PILGRIMS

Music by G. W. Warren

Out of the North there came a holy band,
Eastward they sailed, led on by heav'nly hand;
Then to the western wilderness they went,
Flooding with Freedom's light its firmament.

In Northern skies there shines a mystic light,
Then comes the dawn, that puts an end to night;
Far to the West there glows a sunset-strand:
Glory Sublime! encircling all the land.

America, Great Western Land of might,
Raise high the torch of Freedom's holy light;
Flash round the earth a band of sacred flame:
Unbroken halo to the Pilgrim name.

ACCOMPANYING MUSIC

Overture:

Father of Victory.....L. Ganne

Venetian Summer Night.....Moszkowski

Songs Without Words, No. 27....Mendelssohn

Prologue I

Episode I

“Lovely Appear”.....Gounod’s “Redemption”
(Melody played each time the Guiding Spirit
appears)

TarentelleHeller

SerenadeMoszkowski

Prologue II

Episode II

An Egyptian Love Dance.....Pryor

Prologue III

Episode III

In the Gipsy Camp.....Behr

Episode IV

Indian Dance: A Legend of the Plains. . . . Cadman

Finale

Song: To the Pilgrims. G. W. Warren
(Words by Miss Day)

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